

SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

OSCEOLA

Carl Stepp
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Barry visits some pals

by Dick Harpootlian

Back in 1959 Barry Goldwater spoke to the South Carolina Republican convention which had gathered in the old Jefferson Hotel to select its slate of candidates. "There were about 50 of them there, as I remember," Goldwater recalled.

The 1964 South Carolina Republican convention came and again Barry Goldwater was in South Carolina, but this time he addressed a group of over 3,000. At the National Republican Convention that year it was South Carolina Party Chairman Drake Edens who in announcing South Carolina's votes for Goldwater's nomination put the Arizona Senator over the top and gave him the party's presidential nod.

"It was South Carolina which gave me my start in big time politics," Goldwater told a group of Republicans Wednesday night, "and I have a doorknob from that old Jefferson Hotel mounted on my wall at home. Someone sent it to me when they demolished the place."

"South Carolina is dear to me because they did give me my start," Goldwater told the group who attended a \$50-a-plate dinner in Columbia Wednesday night designed in part to retire unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate General William Westmoreland's campaign debt.

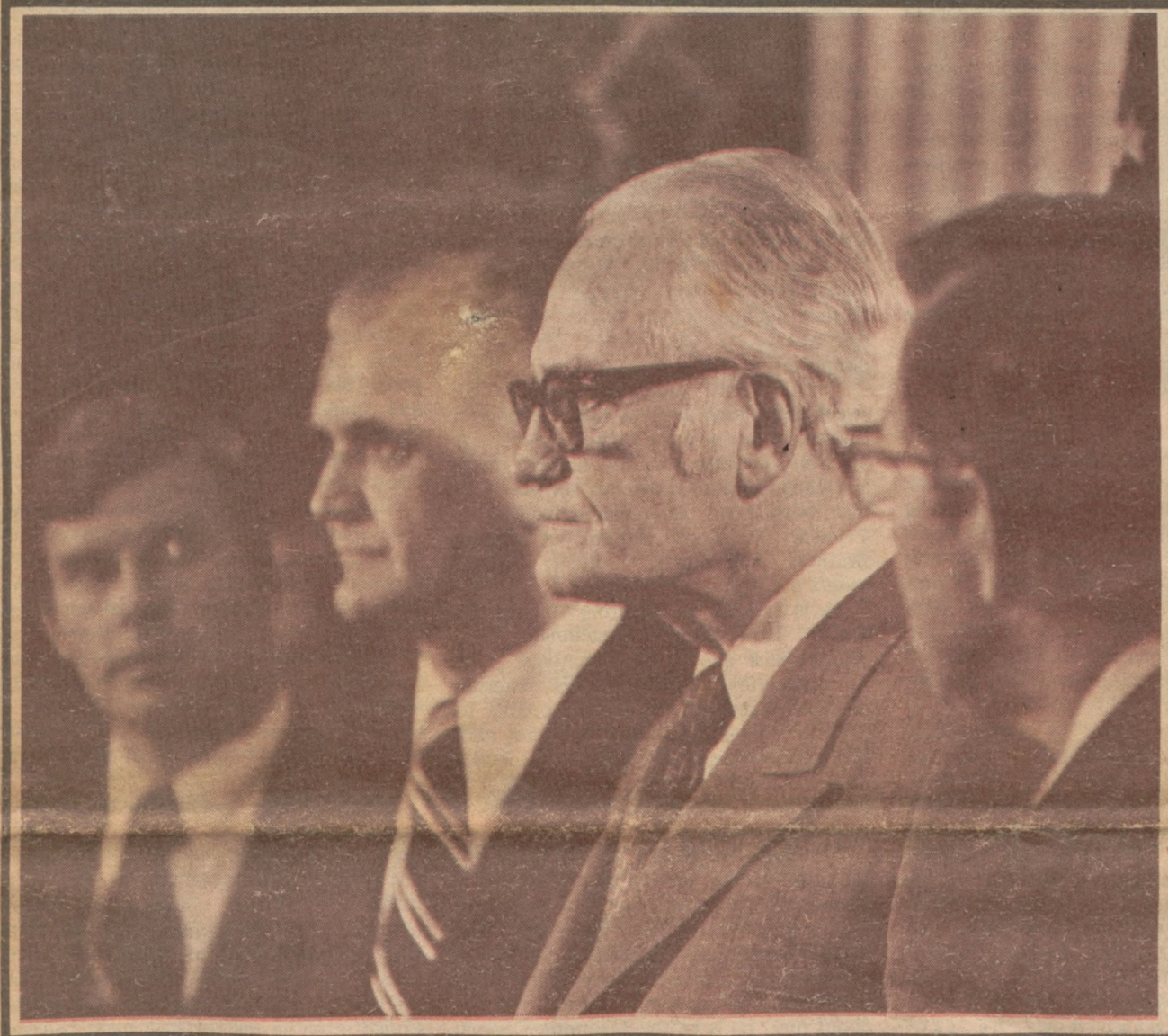
Goldwater hasn't forgotten that South Carolina was one of the few states who went for him in 1964 and he reminded them that it was not all for nought: "Although we didn't win the election, we did a lot of good for the Republican Party."

Barry had come to Columbia to help state GOP leaders draw their flock together. After the first statewide Republican primary ever held in this state in July, Republicans wanted to make a show of unity, a show of strength. So Goldwater was brought in to appear with Westmoreland and Republican gubernatorial nominee Dr. James Edwards, a Charleston oral surgeon. Also at the gathering were Senator Strom Thurmond, GOP Congressmen Young and Spence, former White House advisor Harry Dent, Drake Edens, Senatorial candidate Gwen Bush, and numerous other Republican honchos.

The function was called "Unity 74" and was designed to allow the different factions within the Party to mend fences, to get to know one another. Just that morning one of the state's daily papers had run an article citing a memo allegedly written by John Courson, former field director of the state GOP, which suggested that the party had nominated the weaker of the two candidates for governor in the primary. The memo blamed Westmoreland's defeat primarily on defection of his supporters to Democratic local races. The memo emphasized what many reporters and political observers have believed is the situation in the state's Republican party. That is, a rift between the Harry Dent-Strom Thurmond faction and what is termed loosely as the "little people."

It was widely believed that Harry Dent and Thurmond had convinced Westmoreland to run as

(Continued on page four)



Carroll Campbell, Westmoreland, Goldwater, and Edwards

Powell's 'coming out'

by Bob Thompson

When Columbia attorney Ken Powell recently made it known that he was a candidate for state attorney general, it marked somewhat of a comeback attempt for the former South Carolina Republican Party chairman.

If it's odd to speak of a comeback effort by a man who's only 35 years old, Powell has been through some less than normal times in the past four years. There have been ups and downs, both for Powell personally and for the South Carolina Republican Party, but rather more of the latter. It appears that Powell, not content to wait for the political winds to change, is trying to start that fickle pendulum of politics on an upswing.

Taking over the reins of the state Republican Party following the defeat of GOP gubernatorial candidate Albert Watson in 1970 was not an easy job. Republicans have perennially had trouble landing top state elective posts. The 1970 governor's race, though close, nonetheless saw John C. West's win retard any momentum the Republicans had built up since 1964, when Barry Goldwater carried the state in the presidential election and injected a dose of hope into the underdog party.

It was an especially trying time for Ken Powell, who was given the monumental job of trying to patch up party factionalism. Following the Watson defeat, a more moderate wing of the party, headed up by the national-minded Republicans, blamed the crude, archaically racist image presented by Watson and his followers with throwing the election and jeopardizing the future hopes of the Palmetto Republicans. But the old-line Watsonites still controlled the party, and when Ray Harris resigned as party chairman the "old guard" succeeded in electing Powell the new chairman.

It was odd that Powell, at the time 31 years old, relatively mod-looking and reform-talking, should be handed the standard of the old-liners to carry. While he

did identify with the vanquished Watson -- in 1971 he contended Watson "is not a racist...He's anything but" -- Powell didn't seem to be the reactionary type needed to hold the line against moderation. At any rate, the burden of arbitrating between the two factions fell to him.

A landslide Thurmond victory in 1972 plus other indications gave the impression that things were picking up for the Republicans, perhaps as much because of Democratic ineptness as any Republican strengths. The division between moderates and conservatives (or, more accurately, conservatives and ultraconservatives), the haves and the have-nots, showed signs of healing over.

Then the bottom dropped out, starting with Spiro Agnew's resignation and climaxing eventually in the resignation of Richard M. Nixon. South Carolina Republicans would have us believe that national politics have no effect on state politics; but with the affinity between Thurmond, Floyd Spence and the like on one hand and the beleaguered former President and his men on the other, that thinking on the part of South Carolina Republicans is at least partly wishful.

Thus, when Ken Powell stepped down as Republican chairman in February of this year, it was not in the best of circumstances. Powell claimed at the time that he could no longer function effectively because he lacked the support of many influential Republicans, especially those with the money. Rumors were bandied about that Powell had resigned in order to seek the lieutenant gubernatorial nomination. But Powell was most likely accurate in saying that he had less than powerful backing.

Resultantly, Powell will almost surely be forced into a more anti-Establishment stance than he might normally take, if he hopes to defeat incumbent Attorney General Daniel R. McLeod. Of course, Powell, when interviewed by *Osceola*, pointed out that he doesn't have the Republican nomination sewn up yet. In fact, he hasn't

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osceola

"The mission of a modern newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

from a column by Peter Finley Dunn

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TRB

from Washington

Denouement

The following column was written before Richard Nixon's resignation

Wild scenes -- the high black railing before the White House crowded with shirt sleeved spectators peering in. They hold the bars. It's like the zoo. They extend anxiously down Pennsylvania Avenue, across the Executive Drive. Crowds like that, anxiously wonderingly looking in, I remember that night of Pearl Harbor, 1941. Then it was crisp with reporters huddled under White House columns to watch silent senators go in to see FDR and come out knowing the worst. Some in the Pearl Harbor crowd clinging to the rails made a pathetic, gallant effort to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," and the quavering notes made your throat choke.

Now they look in again -- hot, sweating, shirt-sleeved, aghast, unbelieving, waiting for Something. They don't know what -- maybe for the big black Cadillacs to roll out. Cabinet cars on the driveway.

...A wild scene the afternoon before. The White House press room; we wait for "Something important," we don't know what. The regular 11 O'clock briefing isn't held; at 1:30 p.m., still nothing. "Come back at 3:30," says press officer Jerry Warren. Action, finally at 4. "Lights out, no stills!" come orders. "Don't stampede: I don't want their arms broken; they're three of my best girls."

We crush up, body to body, hearts pounding. Jerry gives out the two-page Nixon confession. I can't grasp it at first: the word "resignation" doesn't flash out at first quick scanning; odd phrases, FBI, CIA, "plumbers." What's he talking about?

Snarling, grabbing, we crowd up to get the three additional handouts; transcripts of Nixon-Haldeman taped conversations, June 23, 1972. Let's see - that was six days after Watergate. I climb out of the scrimmage across a soft-bottom chair and a couch. So what does he say? Oooh...minutes tick, the meaning sinks in. So this is the end, then! He admits he has held back evidence; he gets out or is thrown out. A kind of sickness of shame follows, even through journalistic cynicism.

Yes, that made the headlines across America! But that was yesterday; now it is August 6. This is the day the crowds appear looking through the bars. Reporters are back again in the White House press

room. Word comes that the hastily summoned Cabinet meeting is breaking up. We pour into the sun by the green bank. Officials will emerge from that side portico.

We line up respectfully a little distance away, behind an imaginary rope: Germans, Orientals, British, cameramen, TV equipment holders -- all watching the exit. We would believe anything. Resign? Probably animated. Gallows-humor. What in God's name is the nation thinking?

A long figure appears and sees the waiting wolf-pack. We advance three paces. "Hi," shouts somebody, "Mister Secretary, Mister Dent!" Dent; who's Dent? This faceless cabinet has no names; oh, that's Secretary of Commerce Dent. He disappears.

"Stand back!" shouts the lone cop. We sweep him along with us like a pebble in the stream, for now the Cabinet emerges. A big jammed circle with men holding mikes and cameras aloft surrounds somebody, a man with high, admonishing voice. It's Treasury Secretary Simon, ex-Salomon Brothers, Wall Street. "Louder, louder," shouts the fringe.

He is lecturing us; lecturing America. We shout, "How about impeachment?" He shouts back about the "economy", the Administration will solve our ills. Irritation on both sides: "We've got a country to run," his vexed voice says, "let's not have this tragedy obscure the fact that we have a determined people at work!" A photographer shouts for "a box - a box, I can't see his head."

Secretary Simon is a conservative. But the man who is coming as top economic adviser of the president (who isn't here yet) is bespectacled Alan Greenspan, Wall Street consultant. Greenspan is not a conservative, he is a fundamentalist. Even in this impeachment maelstrom, I wonder about him. He is to the Economic Council what Carswell was to the Supreme Court. Can the Senate confirm him? Not likely, I suspect, if it does its homework. "Protection of the consumer by regulation," he wrote, "is illusory." He has declared the Sherman Antitrust Act "utter nonsense." He is disciple of high priestess Ayn Rand, whose church is laissez-faire. He wrote that in 1900 Standard Oil controlled "more than 80 percent of

refining capacity." And that, he added "made economic sense." Capitalism, he thinks, is "superlatively moral," but it is attacked by "welfare statists: people who believe in the Pure Food & Drug Act. This is the strange man Mr. Nixon has called to help cure our inflation in this eerie moment.

So much for economics and Simon! Scene follows scene: the tortured face of Rep. Charles Wiggins (R) of California, on TV, the strongest defender of the President on the Rodino committee. Now he says as he tightens his jaw to control his emotion, he will vote to impeach. He, too, is betrayed. The president has not told him the essential facts, nor the public, nor his own lawyer. Fred Zimmerman in *The Wall Street Journal* quotes an ironic passage from "Six Crises": "Hiss, a lawyer himself, had made the fatal mistake no client should ever make: he had not told his own lawyer that full truth about the facts at issue." Nor had Mr. Nixon.

Crowds peer in at the White House as the Cabinet limousines roll out. Not one of them, it appear, has challenged the president face-to-face about resignation. The president's Gallup rating is down to 24 percent. Truman's sank to 23 percent in the Korean fiasco. That's rock bottom for presidents, the Caligula quotient. No matter who he is or what he does - Caligula, Dracula, Hitler - 23 to 24 percent of Americans will support any man who's president.

Many ask here whether we're going to buy the doomed Mr. Nixon off, (if he'll only quit), the way we did Spiro Agnew. Informal plea-bargaining is probably underway. Some congressmen almost tearfully plead for amnesty for the man who wouldn't grant it. What is at stake here, I think, is whether the big sword that the Founding Fathers forged and put in the Constitution is real or just make-believe. We are making a precedent. If Mr. Nixon gets immunity now, it will be hard to explain it to the grandchildren.

Across the Avenue as I left the White House I passed a smashed blue Mercury on the one-way side-street. The lovely thing lay on the sidewalk with mangled front end. The car it hit had been towed off. It came down the wrong way. "That car'll never run again," said the cop.

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politicus

Pug's rise to power

Politicus will appear weekly and will focus on South Carolina politics.

The 1974 primaries are a few weeks gone now, but the shock waves are still reverberating. Palmetto state politicians new and old, liberal and conservative, are still trying to digest it all, to figure out what happened, and more importantly, what's going to happen next.

Taken altogether, the results in most of the electoral contests around the state were much as predicted. Yet there is little disagreement that this year's primaries represented a significant and in some cases spectacular departure from past election -- in terms of issues raised, campaign styles, and in other ways that can't be specified so easily.

The biggest upset of all, of course belonged to Pug the Magnificent. So great was the Pugger's rise and so calamitous was his adversaries' fall, that it seems certain July 30 will go down as a watershed date in South Carolina political history. From now on, everything politic will have to be re-coded -- before Pug, and after Pug.

Before Pug, the liberals around the state were already expecting a pretty good year. The coming of single-member districts for the House of Representatives meant a significant new opportunity to consolidate areas of strength, to elect bona fide, serious progressives to the House, where the beginnings of a state-wide coalition could be built. With the emergence of Rep. Alex Sanders, D-Richland, as a serious candidate for Lieutenant Governor, events seemed to be even a bit ahead of schedule.

In the end, liberal House candidates did score a number of victories, though Sanders' candidacy flopped. All that was virtually lost, however, in the wake of the Ravenel phenomenon. With a likeability quotient of 15 on a 10-point scale, \$400,000 in his back pocket, and an unabashed liberal, reform platform, the Pugger began by sweeping the liberals off their feet -- and then proceeded to do the same to the whole state.

The initial reaction of most liberals to Ravenel's stunning success was that the Millennium had arrived. Unannounced and unexpected so soon, but nevertheless it had arrived.

For the Old Guard, it was more like Armageddon.

Now that the dust and everyone's emotions have settled a bit, both factions are attempting to get a more realistic assessment of the situation. To be sure, it's now a new ball game. The question is, who all's on which teams?

The situation as of now is actually somewhat reminiscent of that which confronted the George McGovern candidacy in the summer of 1972, after it became apparent he had won the Democratic presidential nomination. As McGovern saw it, you will recall, his most critical problem was how to deal with the vanquished Old Guard Democratic party forces. Feeling the Old Guard's support was essential to general election victory, McGovern adopted a strategy of not-so-subtle reconciliation with those establishment leaders who had earlier fought his nomination so bitterly. The strategy immediately opened a substantial credibility gap for McGovern among the constituency whose support had brought him the nomination.

In retrospect, with all the host of problems George faced after the Democratic National Convention, it is difficult to say with certainty just how much of a role this factor played in his ultimate defeat. It can be said for certain that McGovern's attempt to bring the establishment Democrats into his fold was spectacularly unsuccessful. And there are those credentialed critics who contend that

HARVARD SPORTS NEWS BUREAU



Ravenel and McNair: new teammates?



McGovern's downfall started when he began his seeming equivocation on his theme of purist anti-establishment populism in order to mollify the old politics power brokers within his own party. The average, middle-America, hungry-for-reform voters who gave McGovern his primary majorities began to question whether George's anti-establishment posture had been sincere, or just another politician's ploy to get votes. Had McGovern been able to avoid that fundamental stain, the story goes, perhaps he would have been able to weather his other storms much better.

All that seems like ancient history, of course, but here and now, in post-primary South Carolina politics 1974, the stage that has been set is remarkably similar. The lightning ascension of Pug Ravenel to the pinnacle of Democratic Party power in South Carolina can be credited to the same basic appeal that George McGovern enjoyed nationally for his brief moment: honesty, integrity, anti-old pocket-lining politics, populist reform. The essence of Ravenel's appeal was summarized in his best-conceived slogan: It's time the people, not the politicians, had a Governor. That's what his new majority had on their minds when they walked into the voting booths. And, like McGovern, that's really all

Ravenel has going for him. Even moreso than McGovern, Ravenel is a political neophyte. When McGovern's "Mr. Clean" image became tarnished, he had nothing to fall back on. Being so completely a man of the moment, Ravenel must stand in the shadow of the same potential fate.

Yet, from the first moments when victory was assured on election, Ravenel has seemingly been preoccupied with the need for reconciliation with the newly dethroned establishment politicians. The extent to which Ravenel praised the defeated Bryan Dorn's "record of service" before the throngs and television cameras the night of the 30th sounded almost as though Pug had a sneak preview of the remarks John West was to give at Dorn headquarters later.

Next day, the priority of reconciliation was even more on the Pugger's lips. Relations with the vanquished Old Guard was the question of the day at Ravenel's post-election press conference. Ravenel's answer, which surprisingly most of the press corps accepted without much probing, was basically that he thought he could remain true to his reform gospel, and at the same time come to terms with the big daddies of the state party and legislative establishments. Later, as if to underscore his earlier statements, Ravenel

launched into a series of meetings with some of the same old-line Democratic leaders with whom he had been locked in mortal battle just a few days earlier.

Now comes word that Ravenel has plans to set up a separate campaign committee specifically to be his interpreter to Old Guard Democrats. "Citizens for Ravenel" it is to be called, with a steering committee to include defeated hopeful Dorn and former Governor Robert McNair, and staffed by operatives from the old Dorn and Morris campaigns. Ravenel staffer Richard Coyle has been assigned the role of liaison between "Regulars for Pug" and the original campaign organization.

Perhaps even greater concern has been expressed by some reform Democrats involved in other campaigns -- principally House races. It is in the House elections that South Carolina voters have their principal opportunity, other than the Governor's race, to speak their will on ethics and reform issues. Reform Democrats running on these issues are now inevitably linked with Ravenel -- for better or worse. Should he suffer any popular disenchantment between now and November, their candidates would also stand to suffer.

Beyond that, there is the question of what happens after November. Although most all those who are both liberal and Democrats are still quite enamoured of Pug ("a measure of affection" as *Time* Magazine put it), the new politicians are more committed to reform. Chances are the time will come when Ravenel will seek to prevail on House liberals to "cool it" in deference to his efforts on some given issue, and the more they perceive Old Guard leaders having Ravenel's confidence, the more disposed they will be to balk.

In sum, it now falls Ravenel's lot to attempt to negotiate a pretty narrow, rocky path. He has demonstrated his ability to put together a winning campaign. How his organization will hold up over the long run is yet to be seen. He must meet the test of dealing with the pressures and the machinations of backroom politics South Carolina style, out of the public eye, where the vested interests Ravenel has attacked so vigorously are still firmly entrenched, and not about to roll over and surrender just because some politician won some election.

If Ravenel fumbles, the whole new reform movement in South Carolina could be set back.

FALLGUIDE

On September 4 Osceola will publish a special fall supplement to the regular edition which will be distributed free to all university students in the Columbia area (USC, Columbia College, Allen University, Benedict, Palmer-Midlands Tec, Lutheran Theological Seminary and Columbia Bible College) as well as being available to subscribers and newsstand buyers.

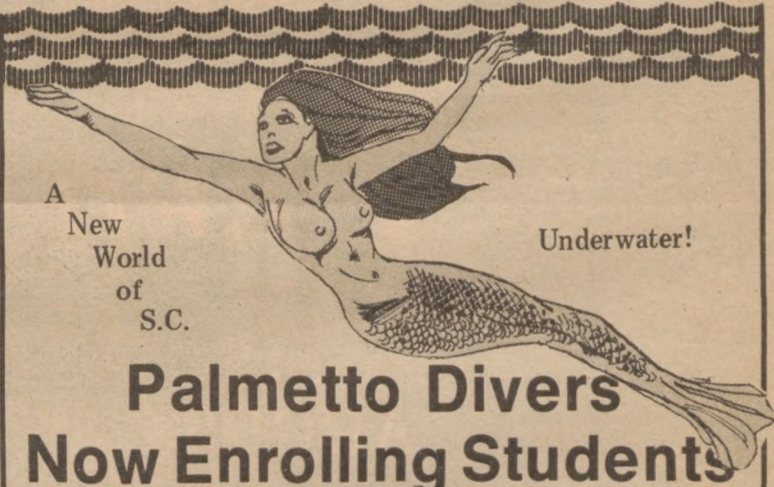
The supplement will include features on events and entertainment of interest this fall in the Columbia area, with special emphasis on introducing newcomers (such as college freshmen) to the state and city.

For organizations and clubs, this offers a chance to call or mail events which you feel would be of interest to the university community. Phone us at 254-7086 to let us know what's happening with your club this fall.

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Mr. Mungo on Mr. Pug

Democratic gubernatorial nominee Pug Ravenel may have won the nomination, but some South Carolinians still insist he should never have been in the race.

Columbia real estate developer and USC Board of Trustees member Michael J. Mungo told *Osceola* this week that he has been contemplating a lawsuit to challenge Ravenel's eligibility to run and had even gone as far as to retain an attorney to handle the suit. But Mungo says he has decided against any legal action.

Mungo doubts the genuineness of the suit last April in which Ravenel was determined to be a resident of South Carolina within the definition used by the state constitution. "It was a sweetheart or kissin' cousin suit. Hell,

Ravenel voted in New York in '68, '70 and '71. He can't do that and still say he's been a resident of this state," Mungo explained.

Mungo said that he feels the suit was not genuine because it was brought by a friend of Ravenel's and that no one made a serious effort to challenge Ravenel on his residency.

"It was terribly inappropriate. I'm not a lawyer but I know it should have been carried at least to the state Supreme Court," Mungo asserted.

Mungo was referring to agreement made between Ravenel and other parties to the suit that they would abide by the circuit court's ruling and not appeal the decision.

Mungo said he decided against another suit because, "With the shape this country is in we just don't need any more confusion." And Mungo further stated that he might even support Ravenel if "I knew he existed."

"So far," the Columbia real estate man explained, "all I've

seen is his television commercials. He may be a myth for all I know. Dr. Edwards is someone I know is real. He's one of the most honest and cleanest men in the world."

Even if he determines that Ravenel does exist, Mungo still had some reservations. "He's just an Ivy League jock to me. Guys like me that stayed here and saw the potential here, those are the people I prefer."

But still, Mungo says he would support Ravenel, if "I determine that he's for real and you understand that I'm not going to chase him down." Mungo also said that he will campaign for either

Ravenel or Edwards this fall. "I'm a man who believes in our system. I'm a man who believes in picking your horse and then riding it like hell."

With that in mind it should be interesting to see which horse Mr. Mungo saddles up come November.

Best of all worlds

Rep. Arnold Goodstein (D-Charleston), who announced earlier this year that he would not

seek re-election to the House, apparently has set his sights on a more local office.

When questioned by *Osceola* as to his plans for the immediate future, Goodstein responded that he wanted to practice his profession - "trial law." When pressed on whether or not he would seek any other elective office the young attorney said that he plans to run for solicitor in his home county in two years.

That office, Goodstein asserted, would allow him to achieve his first love - practicing law - and at the same time be in an elective office.

Barry...

(Continued from page one)

a Republican and that Edwards' victory marked the beginnings of a new Republican party in the state -- a party run by many people from all over the state rather than a few political bosses.

But the dinner Wednesday night was supposed to eradicate all that. At one point in the evening's festivities Party Chairman Jesse Cooksey had everyone stand and directed them to "Shake hands with the person sitting next to you and the person sitting across and behind you."

Goldwater was the perfect person to speak at a function of this sort. Widely acknowledged as one of the most articulate spokesmen for the conservative cause and obviously admired by many South Carolinians, Goldwater, if anyone, could put it together.

Several times he brought the crowd to their feet. In speaking of his "old friend" Westy Westmoreland, Goldwater whipped the group into a frenzy when he promised, "The President

of the United States and his very poor Secretary of Defense wouldn't let Westy win the war. If I have to take adrenalin, have a heart transplant or whatever, I am going to be there when they tack Robert McNamara's hide to the wall."

The group which gathered to honor Westmoreland, Edwards, and Goldwater were Republican stalwarts from all over the state. When the blessing was administered only a few, mostly newsmen, didn't bow their heads. Everyone else had their eyes closed as they prayed for former President Nixon. "We pray that he may find peace and serenity. We pray for those who seek more than his resignation. We pray for forgiveness for them for their merciless attitude."

With the prayer over, a foursome of Republicans sitting with former state party chairman Drake Edens began discussing politics over their salads.

A young man with a thick Charleston accent and a diamond ring on each hand asserted, "The liberal press has been after Nixon since he went after Alger Hiss."

The rest nodded as they chomped down on their lettuce.

"I don't think of Nixon as a criminal," a woman seated at the end of the table stated.

"Yeah, what about the Bay of Pigs?" another young man asked.

There was silence for a few minutes. And then the Charlestonian looked up and said, "I can't wait until Jerry Ford stops kissing all those liberal asses."

Affirmative nods met the comment and then the other young man asked "Did you see

Thurmond with Roger Mudd after the resignation speech the other night? The liberal press and their instant analysis... Why they had Thurmond on there and they asked him what he thought the President meant and he said, 'You listened to him too, didn't you, boy?' That was good."

But the topic of conversation turned from attacks on the liberal press to a discussion of winning in November. The man from Charleston was openly concerned about the apparent separate campaigns Edwards and Campbell have so far maintained. "If Campbell doesn't stop saying that he's running independent of Dr. Edwards, Brantley Harvey (the Democratic lieutenant gubernatorial nominee) will carry Charleston County."

But the Republicans have no monopoly on factions and one Republican stalwart expressed concern to a reporter prior to the dinner, "Sure there are factions in the state party, but don't the Democrats have their factions also? But the press constantly gets on our back because we're more open, because we talk to the press."

"You and I know that there were four or five very influential men in the Republican Party who didn't support Jim Edwards in the primary. And you also know that they were some of the same people who backed Albert Watson over Arthur Ravenel in 1970 and they got their way then. But now it's different, now they're with us. And as sure as I'm standing here I know that Jim Edwards is going to be the next governor of this state."

The Republican cited contributions made to the Edwards campaign by long-time Democrats "who supported Morris or Dorn in the primary." But the real point he was trying to make was that the party had pulled themselves together this year. There would be little or no intraparty bloodletting. This year the Republicans would end a century of Democratic governors and elect James Edwards governor.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS

In order to serve our subscribers and advertisers better we are moving back our publication day from Thursday to Wednesday beginning August 28. To effectuate such action, we are delaying our normal printing date one week, from Thursday, August 22 to Wednesday, August 28. This will allow us to obtain better mail delivery of the paper to our in-state subscribers.

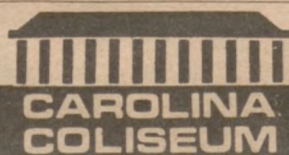
LETTERS

To the editors:

I am writing in response to the letter (*Osceola* Aug. 16) of Mrs. Sallie Cahill, Administrative Assistant at the Columbia Museum of Art, who took particular issue with a phrase in my review of the Three Painters Show (Aug. 9). That phrase was: "...unless the University and the Museum enjoy a greater reciprocity than I understand exists at present..." This statement is a wrong impression, not a fact, gleaned from casual conversation with one of the

artists showing. I retract it and apologize. As regards the "adjectival phrases" which Mrs. Cahill couldn't dwell on, they, too, seem in retrospect to be a veritable "rhapsody in blue" and enthusiastically naive. But they certainly weren't adverse publicity. No need for Mrs. Cahill to defend the Columbia Museum. I wasn't attacking. I hope this reviewer and the Museum staff may enjoy a greater reciprocity than seems to exist at present.

Sincerely yours,
Dan Lackey



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Powell returns to the fold

(continued from page one)

officially announced that he will seek the nomination (he is scheduled to do so Friday, August 16, after *Osceola* press deadlines.)

The executive committee of the state Republican Party is scheduled to meet August 22 to decide on a nominee to replace Kenneth E. Allen, the unopposed winner of the July 16 primary who recently dropped out of the race. But Powell does indeed seem to have the nomination within his grasp. As he said, "I'm pretty confident that I will get the nomination, because right now there is no one else interested, to my knowledge."

Why Powell waited this long to get started campaigning against an incumbent with a 16-year head start is a matter for speculation. Powell said that he didn't consider running for the office until Ken Allen decided to drop out of the race. Powell said he didn't think Allen, whose only claim to fame is being president of the South Carolina Young Republicans -- hardly a conspicuous position -- had been holding the attorney general spot open for another more promising Republican to claim later. But "only Ken would know that," Powell added.

The defeat of Tom Turnipseed by McLeod in the primary election no doubt had its influence on both Allen's decision to drop out of the race and Powell's to enter it. Turnipseed, a 37-year-old Columbia lawyer, was edged by McLeod after taking an early lead on the strength of a good showing in urban areas.

McLeod's victory in itself would not have been that perplexing, when one considers that as an incumbent he has had opportunities to build a power base, and he has not wasted those opportunities. But Turnipseed said after the primary that he was surprised by McLeod's strength in the small, rural counties. Turnipseed has been instrumental in the campaigns of Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace, and he is not averse to calling himself "just a country boy."

"I think it's real ironic," Powell remarked, "the way it (Turnipseed's defeat) happened, because Tom Turnipseed has been connected with the Wallace movement, and the rural areas are normally the strength of the Wallace movement. I thought Tom would do real well in the rural areas and on the other hand I thought he wouldn't do so well in the urban areas. But it was completely reversed."

Apparently someone else who was surprised by the Turnipseed-McLeod faceoff was Ken Allen, who no doubt thought he would have had a better chance to win against Turnipseed. Powell related that Allen "had told me earlier that depending on who won the primary, he would run. So I must assume he felt like he might run against Turnipseed, but that he was not going to run against Dan McLeod."

Powell said he feels McLeod's rural strength was not merely based on the Attorney General's hailing from rustic environs. "I think what happened to Tom was, I think the so-called courthouse rings, if you want to call them that, probably really got on the horse and really pushed McLeod... People have told me



Powell

that the whole Democratic establishment was basically out trying to keep McLeod in. In other words, their whole shooting match was out there. I've heard that SLED was involved, and other people, but I can't verify that," he explained.

If McLeod's campaign strategy is, intentionally or not, forcing Powell to plan a reform-oriented campaign, the young attorney said it's nothing new to him. "I've always been on the side of reform and change in South Carolina, and I've publicly said so," he said, citing his advocacy of ethics legislation, single-member districts, a general accounting office, and other measures to support the claim.

Of course, reformers aren't usually the best-funded of the breeds of politician, and Powell anticipates being no exception. He said his prospective campaign budget, which is being drawn up now by a Greenville public relations agency called Group Four, will probably not exceed \$50,000. He added that he's sure he will be greatly outspent in the campaign because "there's no way in the world of me getting more than \$50,000... The Establishment has all the money. Certainly I don't expect them to be for me."

Powell hasn't selected a campaign manager yet. He said H. Pressley Mabry, Jr., will be handling the campaign in the interim. Powell's campaign headquarters will be on the second floor of the Elliott Building on Devine Street.

Money is the one thing which Powell will certainly need to wage an effective campaign. He expects to be strong in urban areas but feels he will have to work hard to capture the rural vote. Perhaps one lesson he's learned from Turnipseed's defeat is that the small counties can't be dismissed from any candidate's mind.

Yet to reach those small counties will require a bigger outlay of funds than it would take to reach a similar number of people in an urban area. The reason, simply, is that the cities are located in a media flow, where the voters can't help but be affected by the vast tide of information and ideas -- which is often free, in the form of convenient news conferences, coverage of speeches, etc. In less populated areas, there is less of this free advertising available, and hence the candidates have to pay for a larger portion of their

publicity.

Powell has apparently gleaned some experience vicariously from others' campaigns, one being that of Charles "Pug" Ravenel. Asked about what kind of campaign he will run, Powell said, "A lot of speaking, a lot of shaking hands" but "what money I can get I'm going to use for television probably... Billboards and all, I don't think they accomplish that much, really."

"I really believe in first fishing where the fish are, so I would try to maximize whatever strength I might have in urban areas through television and as much personal experience as I can," he elaborated. "But I would expect to spend a lot of time in the rural areas personally."

Overcoming McLeod's huge lead will require, besides the obvious money, some very hard-nosed campaigning of the issue-oriented variety which can catch the attention of the press. True, McLeod is running a dull campaign, but all he has to do is hold on and avoid cataclysmic blunders. Powell will need to put a little more fire into his efforts.

That's where Ken Powell will likely run into problems. The reforms which he is pushing for, and which he claims he has advocated since the late '60's, have been preempted by every other politician trying to keep his or her nose above water. With the exception of a few die-hards in the legislature, very few people will miss getting on the ethics bandwagon. More and more

politicians are talking about prohibiting lawyer-legislators from practicing before state agencies appointed by the legislature. In short, it would be hard to make noticeable waves without being tagged a "liberal," something which surely wouldn't do Powell any good and which would seem uncharacteristic of him.

Powell maintains that despite the small following the Republican Party has in South Carolina, he can sway enough Democrats and independents over to his side to win. He told *Osceola* that he won't tie his campaign in with those of any other Republicans, such as gubernatorial candidate Sen. James Edwards or lieutenant gubernatorial candidate Carroll Campbell.

"I feel that the attorney general's office must be implemented on an absolute non-partisan basis. The attorney general's office is supposed to be an office of the people; he is supposed to be the people's lawyer. And while everyone must get into (an elective) position by running on a partisan ticket, the implementation of the duties must be non-partisan, especially in a thing like the attorney general's office. I certainly want every Republican to win, and I'm going to do everything I can to help them, but I'm going to run my own campaign," Powell explained.

Powell aimed barbed criticism at the incumbent Attorney General for allegedly using his office for partisan purposes. "I think that Mr. McLeod is a nice man and a gentleman, and that is my sincere thought. However, I feel that he is a part of the old political establishment, the old guard, and that he's been doing things like they've always been done in South Carolina. And therefore he has made the attorney general's office, through his personal feelings, a political office to a degree."

"I'll give you a perfect example. You go back to 1970 and look through the newspapers and you'll find him making a speech -- I don't know where it was -- in which he stood up and called Albert Watson, who was the Republican nominee for governor, a political buzzard... Now that's pretty strong language if you are going to run an attorney general's office on as non-partisan a basis as you can."

"I feel he's too political. I feel

the office is too political. If you have seen some of the opinions we've gotten up there, when we've written up there for opinions on an election law, some of the opinions we've gotten haven't been very satisfactory and didn't make much sense either, frankly."

"As you may remember, down in Myrtle Beach when we had this big flap about the city council being elected down there... they asked the Attorney General for an opinion on whether they should have a new election or not, and he said, 'Yes, you should.' That's because all the Republicans were elected down there, maybe."

All that talk about the evils of partisanship may seem strange, coming from the mouth of a man who just a half a year ago was Republican party chairman. Powell, while admitting that he'll have to politic like mad to make up for lost ground, still maintains he will practice he most recent preachments.

"Sure, I'm going to campaign on a political basis," he acknowledged, "but I'm talking about *partisan* politics. That's what I'm talking about. The office is such that by its very nature you have to get it by politics. But once you get that, you implement the office in, as nearly as you can, a non-partisan basis."

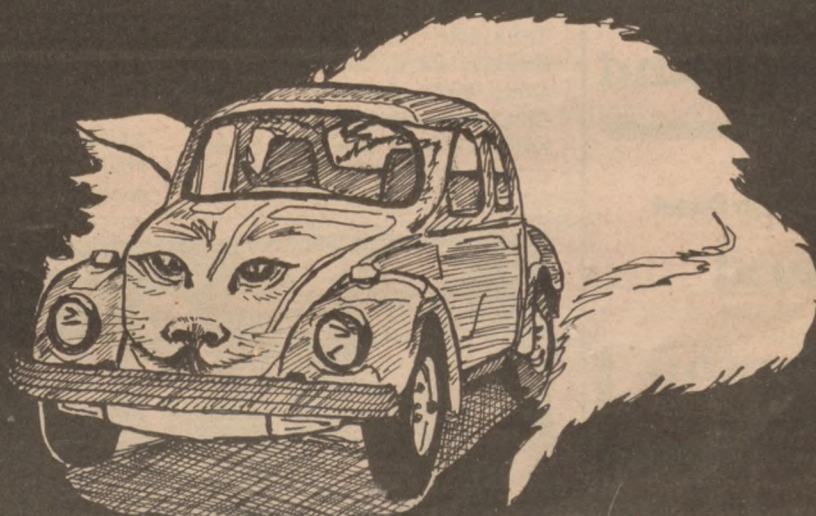
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An impromptu party

August Jamming: straddling the fence at Charlotte (above) and part of the 200,000 faithful (right)



PHOTOS BY PHIL DICKEY

AUGUST JAM at Charlotte Motor Speedway August 10, 1974

"What's it like down there?": I asked a rather weary looking couple who had just returned from the mass of bodies jammed into the infield in front of the stage. "River of s-t," he replied. "It's incredible, man," she added in a hoarse whisper. "Like climbing through a mountain of last year's garbage to stand in a cesspool with 10 million other people."

"Are you leaving now?" I queried. "We're just going to get a cooler of beer for tonight, it's really going to be outtasight!" They trudged away with grimly determined looks on their faces.

A very suntanned girl wearing a broad smile and a Mexican sombrero asked me for a pen and paper so that she could send a message to the stage in hopes of finding a ride home. "Where's home?" an interested bystander asked. "Maryland," she answered, and then as if to herself, "Maybe I could get them to meet me by the Love Valley Tower if I can get over there before it gets dark." The Love Valley Tower was about

50 yards away and the general opinion of the people around us was that if she started immediately, she might cover the distance in a couple of hours.

That was part of the scene last week at Charlotte Motor Speedway, where over 200,000 music fans gathered from all over the Eastern Seaboard for what was modestly billed as the "biggest rock show ever in the Carolinas." It was called August Jam, but we didn't realize what the name implied until we got there. The only thing I can compare it with is a stunt I participated in once with a group of very energetic friends in which we tried to find how many people we could pack into a Volkswagen.

The only difference was that the VW was not already packed with empty beer cans, soggy sleeping bags and blankets, six inches of mud, discarded shoes and clothing, and piles of crushed styrofoam which had once been ice chests and the remaining air space was not filled with smoke.

Despite the obvious physical discomfort involved, the people seemed to be enjoying themselves: talking, laughing, singing, eating, drinking, smoking, "boogeying," sleeping, wallowing in the mud, trying to find lost companions.

The official view of Cabarrus County health officials was that there had been a "total violation of sanitary standards," an understatement at best.

Whether the music was the attraction or merely an excuse for the gathering remains highly debatable. The famed Allman Brothers Band, top card for the Jam, proved before 200,000 exhausted witnesses that, "they just ain't what they used to be." As one observer noted, "They've

gotten slow and sloppy. They're just not together like they used to be."

But for those who paid the \$12 admission, or risked life and limb by crashing the gate for the sole purpose of listening to some fine, professional musical entertainment, the Marshall Tucker Band gave them their money's worth and a little more.

Highlighting the entire Jam was a superb performance by Emerson, Lake and Palmer with outstanding solo performances by each member of the group. Keith Emerson, keyboard virtuoso of the group, was the man to watch as he strapped himself into a "Flying Baby Grand" and proved

his versatility by never missing a note as he and his piano twirled end over end high above the stage.

Acceptable performances were turned in by a number of other groups, among them, Grinder's Switch, Foghat, The Ozark Mountain Daredevils, and Black Oak Arkansas who appealed to the rebellious spirit of the crowd with their rendition of "Dixie."

Sunday was not a good day, having all the marks of the "morning after." Some of the previous days participants were in the hospital, others were in the Cabarrus County Jail, most were already at home in bed or else on their way. Many were still there in the infield before the stage, asleep

amid the piles of empty cans in that sea of garbage where they had "crashed" the night before.

As the bulldozers came in early Sunday morning to start clearing away the garbage from the infield, they found their way blocked by anxious cries of, "Hey man, get that thing out of here, my old lady and kid are asleep in there."

It was truly difficult to distinguish between the mud-soaked debris and the mud-soaked bodies that were sleeping in it. Richard Howard, president of the speedway, advised his clean-up crew to, "poke every pile of trash you come to and if it doesn't move, sweep it up."

--Phil Dickey

Cinema/'Uptown' Honky-spotting

UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT
starring Sidney Poitier
at the Fox Theater

I won't waste much time reviewing a movie Sidney Poitier and company obviously didn't waste much time making. *Uptown Saturday Night* is a rip-off.

"Blaxploitation," which has become associated with inane Keystone Kop toned violence, is a term that should be stretched to include all bad scripts with white middle-class values and stereotypical white characters in black face. Accepting this, *Uptown* stands like a scarecrow in a bumper crop of blaxploitation corn.

The black community deserves better -- especially from the likes of Poitier and Bill Cosby. The whites, too, deserve better from Poitier and Cosby. It does no good to let either of these neat

stars off the hook just because Poitier is a fine actor with even the worst lines and Cosby is always funny no matter what mess he finds himself in.

But *Uptown* is an insurmountable mess. In fact (since the screenplay could only be improved by star patronizing), I can recall only one good Cosbyism for Cosby to do his thing with: Cosby and Poitier are at a bar discussing the pros and cons of crashing a private Mafioso casino where they hope to eat out the rich and criminally exotic black elite. Poitier admits he'd have to tip-toe out when his wife was asleep and Cosby chides him by giving an example of his complete independence of matriarchy: "Man, I tell you, I snap my fingers and my Irma jump up in the air and don't come down 'til I tell her to." Very funny.

Similarly, but without the line, Poitier shows how a competent actor can turn s--- into passable jello by making almost believable the following incredibly scripted leap to faith: while at the casino our heroes are robbed of everything, including Poitier's wallet, which just happens to contain a winning lottery ticket worth \$50,000. With no script foreshadowing, it's Poitier's task to fortuitously notice his winning number in the paper two days later. He stares at the paper for a full twenty seconds. Then with

gawks and incredulous angry grimaces, he tries to plug one of the biggest holes in this ship of fools with dramatic silly putty. It works well enough; Sidney gets his "A" in Stanislavski 101. There are, as well, lines of the in-joke variety scattered throughout this sorry story but the black subculture, unlike the homosexual underworld, is too visible and (at least potentially) powerful to be indulged with them.

As Stanley Kauffmann mischievously noted, MGM's Biblical epics gave rise to the movie sport of "star-spotting" -- hissing the name of your favorite personality as he shot by the screen in a cameo role. *Uptown*, cast almost 100 percent black, invites, at its most tedious moments, the leisure of "honky-spotting."

Harry Belafonte seems, somehow, to be present in name only as it's his name that's used primarily -- as one more piece of Whitman chocolate on the marquee. At the end of the picture, Poitier, the \$50,000 safely stashed away, says to his loving wife, "Well, Clara, we're on our way." Where to, no one says. But since stars can walk out of pictures the way Cleavon Little left *Blazing Saddles*, we can suspect these avant-garde Amos 'n' Andys are heading for Beverly Hills or Malibu Beach, their carpetbags bulging.

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The Arts

Sandy Denny: one of the few

Sandy...And the other five-sixths of the current Fairport (from left, Dave Pegg, Dave Swarbrick, Dave Mattacks, Jerry Donahue, Trevor Lucas

by Paul Foxworth

Fine music, like fine wine, improves with age. Not that any fermentation goes on in the acetate and vinyl we consume daily, but, rather, in the circuitry of our ears, which detect subtleties to which we had not been attuned in previous listenings. Experiencing this music becomes the art of learning to set one's ears adrift in the flow of instruments, converging like so many tributaries into a single stream.

There is, of course, no end of controversy as to what constitutes fine music. To each his (or her) own. But surely, a case can be made for music wherein the instruments are played together so beautifully as to be poignantly evocative, as if the music came, not from the stereo, but from the soundtrack of some movie being filmed in your mind, at the moment the camera lingers over some loving smile or gesture. It is perhaps especially important that we cultivate our taste for music that complements our gentler moments, since they tend to be sporadic and something of a departure from the bustle of our daily lives.

There are few artists both adroit and sensitive enough to create such moments more than once in a great while, and Sandy Denny is one of them.

She does not enjoy a great following in this country, although she has been voted best female vocalist in readers' polls in *Melody Maker* -- Britain's equivalent of *Rolling Stone* -- two years consecutively, 1970-1971. Nor are the groups with which she established her reputation -- Fairport Convention and Fotheringay -- especially popular here, despite Fairport's American tours, including one with Traffic three years ago (after she had already left the group).

Fairport Convention has been around for three years now, released one album on Cotillion in 1968 and eight since then on A&M, and spawned second-generation bands such as Southern Comfort and Steeleye Span. Sandy was not on Fairport's first album and appeared on only the first three on the A&M releases, yet was largely responsible for the group's popularity at home. A beautiful, petite woman, who looks to be no more than five feet tall, Sandy has a warm resonant voice which complements her slightly plump figure.

Her most successful efforts on *Fairport Convention*, her first album with the group, are her own composition "Fotheringay" and the little-known Dylan song "I'll Keep It With Mine." The former is named for the castle where Mary, Queen of Scots was imprisoned by Elizabeth, and dwells upon the loneliness of Mary's stay there, first evincing the sensitive lyricism distinctive of most of her songs. Both "Fotheringay" and the Dylan song are rendered with her characteristically subtlety, though she can also belt out notes, as the Dylan song calls for when the group joins in on the refrain. The rest of the songs on the album, except a somewhat campy blues song on which she sings lead, are two, three, and four part harmonies between Sandy and her male accomplices. (Especially good are the three songs contributed by Richard Thompson, of whom more will be said herein.)

Fairport's subsequent album, *Unhalfbricking*, is divided roughly equally between group carousing and Sandy's more subtle individual style. The most striking song on the album -- and also the best-known by virtue of Judy Collins' version -- is Sandy's "Who Knows Where The Time Goes," with its bittersweet lyrics and plaintive refrain. Also noteworthy are the album's single traditional song, "A Sailor's Life," which tells the story of a lass whose love dies at sea, and Sandy's treatment of "Percy's Song" about a young man framed for murder and sent up for life by a judge aware of his innocence. In a sense, the album marks the maturation of Sandy's sensibility, for these songs are especially poignant, all three about people who have somehow lost out in the game of life.

Sandy's final album with Fairport, *Liege and Lief*, was

a blockbuster in the performance of traditional English folk songs on electric instruments. (The most striking advance in the group's instrumental style was the addition of violinist-violist Dave Swarbrick, who literally goes to town in a medley of Scots Highlands flings, backed by guitars, bass and drums.) The vocal highlights of the album are Sandy's renditions of "Matty Groves" and "Tam Lin," both dating from the 17th century or so; "The Deserter," dating from Victoria's reign; and her tender treatment of Thompson's "Farewell, Farewell" and high-spirited lead on her own "Come All Ye," both of which sound as if they had been around a few hundred years, so imbued are they with the spirit of English folk music. Particularly arresting is the chorus on "Come All Ye," in which the whole group joins in: "Come all ye wandering minstrels/And together we will try/to rouse the spirit of the earth/And move the rolling sky."* (This reverent, yet innovative approach to Fairport's -- and Sandy's -- musical roots is complemented by the liner notes on Cecil Sharp and Francis Child, but for whose anthologies many of Britain's folk songs would have died with the few country folk who still sang them.)

Then came Fotheringay, and the album of the same name. If it is possible for a more perfect ensemble to exist, it is unimaginable to this reviewer. Fotheringay was a well-balanced quintet in which acoustic and electric guitar, piano, bass and drums blended into a lush, sweet whole, guided by the alternating lead vocals of Sandy and her partner, Trevor Lucas. While racy Highlands flings and jaunty instrumental work featuring violin and mandolin became a staple of Fairport's successive albums, Sandy opted for the more genteel music appropriate to her and Lucas' ballads, with Gordon Lightfoot's "The Way I Feel," Dylan's "Too Much Of Nothing," and the vintage-Victorian "Banks of the Nile" included for good measure.

The album opens with Sandy's "Nothing More" and "The Sea," in which her careful phrasings are complemented by the tasteful interludes of Jerry Donahue's guitar. (Donahue is one of the few guitarists around who can weave colorful solos into the fabric of a song without ever seeming to intrude, and he characteristically lets the notes slide off the guitar without manhandling them.) Lucas' "Ned Kelly," about the 1800s outlaw, features his deep, low voice, which contrasts sharply with Sandy's as she joins in on the refrain. "Winter Winds" is another Denny ballad, followed by a song she wrote with Lucas called "Peace in the End." This is an altogether amazing song, featuring a lovely duet between the two and words infused with tranquility and reconciliation:

You may think our lives are forever
I think you could be wrong
But if we were to gather together
I know we could get on

Go ask your neighbors to come and sing songs
You know they've wanted to all along
I've seen them smile with their friends
All in the end

...You were our lovers, you were our friends
Peace in the end *

The Lightfoot song is performed briskly, with syncopated drumming and Donahue's fiery guitar leading the group through the instrumental finale. "The Pond and the Stream" is another Denny ballad, veritably shimmering with the flow of instruments as Sandy's voice wafts overhead, while the Dylan song is delivered with verve, Lucas' voice leading the way. "Banks of the Nile" is sung tenderly by Sandy as the instruments fade in slowly,

content to punctuate her voice rather than build a dominant rhythm, and climaxing only as a coda to this lament about an English lad bound for the wars in the Sudan in the 1800's.

Unfortunately, Fotheringay only produced one album. As Sandy tells it in a *Rolling Stone* article a couple of years ago, her producer lacked faith in the group's commercial appeal and pressured her to record solo albums, hammering away at her until she finally gave in just to have the matter resolved.

Fortunately, everyone in the group crops up on her subsequent albums, of which *North Star Grassman* and *the Ravens* is the first. The group is intact on the first cut, "Late November," and joined by Richard Thompson, who trades leads with Donahue on instrumental interludes. "Blackwaterside" is especially interesting because of Thompson's use of tremolo guitar and accordion to create a soft, yet brisk Scots Highlands air. The title song is a mellow ballad highlighted by flute organ, and on which Sandy's voice switches from the sailors navigating by the North Star to the ominous ravens watching on a fog-shrouded shore, while "John the Gun" features her plea for an end to war. The rest of Sandy's compositions are pleasing but not remarkable, and occasionally somewhat languid, while the Dylan song ("Down in the Flood") and the Charles Robins tune ("Let's Jump the Broomstick") provide Sandy and friends a chance to really unwind, and feature the rock 'n' roll piano of Ian Whiteman.

All in all, it is a good debut album, though it suffers somewhat by comparison with Fotheringay. The problem with a solo album like *Grassman* is that the personnel are different on practically every cut, which makes for diversity but precludes that indefinable nth degree of instrumental tightness which an ensemble like Fotheringay is capable of.

Sandy must have taken that to heart, for on her next album, *Sandy*, she opted for a studio ensemble (including Thompson and friends from Fotheringay) which remains stable throughout. Except for three cuts significantly marred by slick string arrangements, it is a superb album. The opening song, "It'll Take a Long Long Time," is like "Peace In the End," simply amazing. As with a good many of Sandy's most poignant songs, it makes reference to disaster at sea:

Oh, it's like a storm at sea
When everything is lost
And the fretful sailors calling out their woes
As to the waves they're tossed

Oh, they are all gentlemen
And never will they know
If there is a reason each of them must go
To join the cruel flow

It'll take a long long time
It'll take a long long time *

It is sung with poise and feeling, and, as with all her songs where a harmonious balance between voice and instruments has been established, each syllable is crystal clear. Instrumentally, the song is ornamented with flourishes of steel pedal and Thompson's lush, sweet guitar, which soars gracefully above organ, bass and drums, ending in an exquisitely beautiful duet between his multitrack guitars. Other songs which are especially interesting are Dylan's "Tomorrow Is a Long Time," given a country flavor by the steel pedal guitar and Sandy's singing, and Richard Farina's "Quiet Joys of

(Continued on page ten)

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Sports

'It wasn't really basketball'

by Robert McMillan

It's too bad the South Carolina coaches association did not choose to follow the excellent example of the Georgia coaches in determining the rules for their respective high school all-star basketball games.

The All-Star game a couple of weeks ago in Georgia (Osceola, August 16) was an exciting show for the fans and a joy for the players fortunate enough to play in it. Dunking was allowed, as was a three-point field goal for players hitting from over 22-feet from the basket. There was no mandatory substitution rule in the Georgia game, as was the case last week at Carolina Coliseum where a pair of North-South games were played. The South Carolina substitution rule caused the coaches to pull the players, in most cases, that the fans had paid their money to see.

And, most of all, the officials for the Georgia game were told to let the players play basketball. Petty fouls were left uncalled in the interest of players and fans. Many of those participating in last week's South Carolina game were unhappy at the way the games were called. Colon Abraham of Darlington, and bound for Clemson this fall, said, "The referees never let us get going until the second half. It wasn't really basketball."

Understandably, ballplayers like to exhibit their individual talent and moves in these all-star games. It should be fun for the players, as well as the fans. In the winning South dressing room after the AAA-AAAA game at the Coliseum, it was anything but a happy atmosphere. Two of the South's top players, Willie Graham of Charleston and Abraham were openly disappointed, and said that they would never participate again. And they were on the winning side. Other players weren't that harsh but most of them seemed happy to leave and get the whole affair over.

As for the games, both were lackluster affairs. There was no color or excitement, the kind

which can usually be associated with games of this kind. I personally would much rather go down to some inner-city playground and watch a pick-up game.

The coaches had tried a new format this year, selecting teams of all-stars on the basis of the ranking of the school in the A thru AAAA scheme of things. Thus the North A-AA stars played the South A-AA stars in the first game, which really turned into a match between 6-6, 195-pound muscleman Bobby Griffin of Whitmire (headed to Newberry) and Jimmy Howell, the 6-7, 190-pound pivotman from Williston who is going to Clemson this month.

Both Griffin and Howell played well, with Griffin eventually copping the most valuable player award for the first game. I heard Tate Locke of Clemson tell Howell after the game not to worry, that he was not selected because Columbia-based sportswriters would never give a Clemson-bound player the award. I don't know if that was the reason Griffin won, or if it was because the North squad won the game, 83-73. Sportswriters seem to lean toward giving the MVP award to a player off the winning team but Locke could easily be right nevertheless. Howell scored 29 points to Griffin's 25, with Howell hitting 13-19 shots from the field while Griffin hit 11-20. Howell was 3-4 from the foul line while Griffin was 3-6. Griffin captured 16 rebounds while Jimmy Howell had 23. Judging from statistics, it would seem that Howell enjoyed the better night. To me, it looked as if the South relied more on Howell than the North did on Griffin. One most question the criteria used to judge a "most valuable player."

The AAA-AAAA game shaped up as no contest, since the South team seemed to possess most of the highly-recruited players: Golie Augustus of Keenan High in Columbia and headed for USC,



Jimmy Howell goes for a rebound

Abraham and Graham (Oklahoma bound) composed a formidable frontline for the South. The North had no really quality frontline material to counteract the South and the final score eventually showed the difference in talent, the South winning by 25 and scoring a record 96 points.

But the frontline play wasn't really the difference. As late as 16:45 left in the game, the North led 51-50. The reason Augustus, Abraham and Graham weren't the difference was because they didn't get the ball as much as they should have. Augustus was especially victimized, getting the ball on passes, according to my count, just twice. After the game, Augustus wasn't bad-mouthing his teammates, but he was

disappointed. "That's just the way it goes sometimes. I just wish I could have played better."

The problem was, to those who saw the game, that he never played at all. Even though a lot of Columbia area fans came to the game to see him, Augustus played only a few minutes. North coach Lee Koty should have made his guards give the ball up more, in favor of the bigger players up front. Guard Mike Hamilton of Wando scored high in the second half, at the expense of the other players. Many times he drove the basket, ignored obvious passes to frontline players, only to take a poor percentage shot.

Graham played the most solid game for the South and was probably as influential as

Hamilton in the win, even though the latter won the MVP. Graham provided leadership and played well in all aspects of the game.

All in all, however, there was something missing from this all-star game. Carolina Coliseum is a great facility, the Shriners did a good job on such usually-ignored items as programs and such, and the basketball fans are obviously here to be entertained -- Frank McGuire and USC have proved that. If the Shriners want to make money for their worthy causes, they should be advised to stage a show that people will come to see and return to see year after year. The Georgia coaches packed a field house with nearly 7,000 fans last week for a game that proved extremely exciting. There were many empty seats in the Carolina Coliseum this year, and it shouldn't be that way in a city which loves its basketball as much as Columbia.

OTHER NOTES

Skip Wise, the high school All-American from Baltimore's Dunbar High School who has signed with Clemson, was on hand for the game to verbally support his future teammate and good friend, Colon Abraham. He, Colon and Stan Rome of Valdosta indicate that they all wanted to play ball together and Tate Locke was quick to give them the opportunity.

Billy Truitt of Buffalo, N.Y., one of Frank McGuire's two guard signees for the upcoming season, is in Columbia and showing his stuff some afternoons in the Solomon Blatt Physical Education Center. It's premature of course, but in one afternoon of watching he showed me he could shoot and hit from anywhere. If the other guard prospect, Jackie Gilloon, is as good as his credentials, then USC should have no trouble filling Brian Winters' old spot.

Anthony Flannigan is a top prep prospect in football and basketball, and has signed a grant with Vince Dooley's Georgia Bulldogs. No one knows if he will play quarterback on the football squad or guard on the basketball squad. But one thing is for sure. He, like Moses Malone of Maryland, will get there in style. Moses has a 1974 Chrysler while Tony drives a 1974 Thunderbird. Neither of the prospect's families are known for their wealth. I wonder where they got the cars?



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Theatre/'Slow Dance'

Three tortured souls

SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND

by William Hanley

directed by Tommy Scott Young
A.C. Flora High School Theater

Slow Dance On The Killing Ground, a play by William Hanley, produced and directed by Tommy Scott Young (artist in residence with the South Carolina Arts Commission as a sculptor) will be playing August 15-17 and 22-24 at the A.C. Flora High School Theater where -- due, presumably, to the lack of ground-breaking publicity -- it seems to be hiding out. Only about a dozen people were present last Saturday night when the first act froze and progressed with the deliberate speed of an iceberg.

A black youth, whose name we eventually learn is Randall, dashes suspiciously into a Brooklyn candy store and proceeds to banter its weary owner, an old man named Glas whose chief endowment is a complicated past. The flamboyant character of Randall, with sun glasses and bowler, cape and umbrella, should be boisterous, coy and tantalizing. But producer-director Young, who also tackles this crucial lead, is only boisterous in the extreme -- his shrillness and swaggering give us no leisure to ask ourselves a simple, relevant, provocative question: What is this guy running from? And our interest is quickly aborted. It would have been a beautiful twist if Mr. Young -- whom I'm told has worked extensively with environmental sculptures compatible with the wiles of dramatic happenings -- had suspended his show and invited the audience along with cast and crew, to retire to an air-conditioned space to read the play aloud informally, everyone taking a crack at all of the parts. It might -- seriously -- have been a triumph for the real idea of community theater.

This is not to denigrate the dedicated efforts of non-professional actors (*Slow Dance* is the first effort of Kitani



Bob Thompson

Lou Kaplan, left, Myrna Rodriguez and Tommy Scott Young in a scene from "Slow Dance"

Productions) rehearsing catch-as-catch-can in each others' living rooms for one short month before moving into a (rather vacuous) performance space only two days before the opening. But *Slow Dance* presents a two-fold frustration for a community company interested in more than a viable alternative to Sunday School. The play is an actors play and needs tour de force acting to swallow up the script -- particularly its backbone of lengthy monologues which can't be tackled on the spur of an eager inspiration.

But given even the most superior acting, it would still, in my estimation, be a superficial play. Its collage of Big Themes is

matched in contemporary drama only by Arthur Miller's ill-concealed autobiographical *After the Fall*.

Hanley's play has three motifs -- each a different kind of killing. Early in the second act we meet a "stray-dog" character called Rosie on her way to an illicit abortion; Randall is running from murder; and Glas carries 20 years of fear and guilt for his own vaguely-projected complicity in the death of his wife and son under Hitler's genocide. Hanley might have been able to handle the "abortion question" in another play -- with kid gloves.

With homicide, he cleverly falters, giving Randall with his 187 IQ a photographic memory

and the poetic license to quote verbatim a long statistical monologue of all manner of murder in New York City. I haven't checked the actual facts of this insidious speech; but at least in tone its a crude documentary intrusion in a

"straight-story" play.

The third motif embarrassingly employs the century's hugest dramatic subject matter: The Hitlerian annihilation of six million Jews. The film *The Pawnbroker* broached the subject somewhat as Hanley has and in reviewing it Stanley Kauffmann mentioned that the question had again been raised as to whether tragedy was any longer possible. In a similar vein, the question raised by *Slow Dance* is whether or not moral taste can any longer tolerate folk-wise and unwise observations and comments -- even from the innocent mouths of simple characters in plays -- on the crime that made nihilism pragmatism. Here we have three tortured souls compressed into a Brooklyn candy store fighting on the surface but existing as subtext in an all-for-one-and-one-for-all domesticity as in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. But in *Come Back, Little Sheba* the addiction was alcohol; here, it's a perverse nostalgia for the contemplated horrors of Auschwitz.

The plot is bare essential. It feeds on the anticipation of self revelation. Rosie confesses she's pregnant but she doesn't feel guilty. Glas finally confesses the terrible memory of leaving his family to die in Nazi Germany -- or murdering his mother with an ice pick -- but doesn't feel guilty. But with all of this there is no dramatic resolve. At least in this first Kitani production, it's just a cut-and-dried clinical illustration of group therapy gone awry.

--Dan Lackey

Vigilante, city style -
judge, jury, and executioner.

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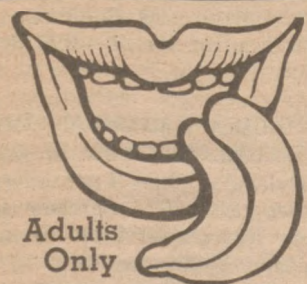
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Events/entertainment

(continued from page twelve)

from August 13-20. Shows are Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30p.m. and Wednesday and Saturday there are matinees at 2:30p.m.

Ticket prices are \$4.50 and \$3.50, children are \$1.50 for the matinees. To get to the Playhouse you take U.S. 25 to three miles south of Hendersonville, N.C. Call the box office in Hendersonville at 692-2281 for reservations.

music

The J. Geils Band will be appearing at the Carolina Coliseum August 25 at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$5 in advance and \$6 at the door.

The Mandrill Rock Show will be at the Charleston Municipal Auditorium at 8 p.m. on August 31.

Z Z Top will appear at The Omni in Atlanta at 8:30 p.m. on August 30. Tickets are \$4.50; \$5.50 and \$6.50.

Mimi Farina (Joan Baez's sister) will be at the Great Southeast Music Hall in Atlanta August 16-18. There will be two shows a night and tickets are \$4.

Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth with special guest Norman Blake will be at The Great Southeast Music Hall in Atlanta August 27-31. There will be two shows each night. Tickets are \$3 during the week and on Sunday; \$4 on Friday and Saturday.

classes

Over 100 late-afternoon and evening classes in education will be offered by USC's College of Education this fall. Registration will be held August 29-30.

For additional information contact Dr. Ose F. Henderson, director, Office of Student Services, College of Education, USC, Columbia, S.C. 29208.

The Richland Art School will kick off its opening of the 1974-75 season on Sept. 9 with a full program of new and old classes. The classes will include: Youth Drawing and Painting; High School Drawing and Painting; Sculpture; Jewelry for Adults; Pottery; Painting; Life Drawing; Figure Drawing Class; Photography and Pre-school Art History and Art Experience.

Complete information on all classes will be available at the Columbia Art Museum on August 26, at which time brochures may be picked up at the Museum desk, or will be mailed upon telephone request (254-2791.) Classes are fixed for morning, afternoon, and evening, and are formed to suit both advanced, intermediate and beginners in each field of creative work.

Classes will be limited to a maximum of twenty so be sure to call soon, if you are interested.

art

An art exhibit by USC students is now on display at the Enamelist, 2107 Green St.

The exhibit includes paintings, sculpture, pottery and graphics. The gallery is open from 11 a.m. until 5 p.m.

specials

Mahatma Adaranand, a close disciple of Guru Maharaj Ji, will be speaking August 17, 18 and 19 at the Rutledge Chapel on the USC Horseshoe at 7 p.m. each night. His topic of discussion will concern a type of meditation called "Knowledge," which he says enables the individual to directly experience the life force within.

television

Saturday, August 17

2 p.m.-Baseball. The L.A. Dodgers meet the Pirates at Pittsburgh. (Channel 10)

5 p.m.-Wide World of Sports. The NCAA Volleyball Championships and gymnastics headline this week's show. (Channel 25)

8 p.m.-Movie. "Orphans of the Storm" (1921) D.W. Griffith's silent classic about two waifs (Lillian and Dorothy Gish) caught up in the French Revolution. (Channel 35-ETV)

8:30 p.m.-Movie. "Murder or Mercy" (1974) Melvyn Douglas stars in this drama which examines the morality of euthanasia. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.-Football. If you've sat out the NFL strike with bated breath, then this game should be a disappointment to you. The Bengals and the Falcons go at it. Yawn. (Channel 10)

10:15 p.m.-Movie. "The Temptress" (1926) Greta Garbo and Lionel Barrymore star in this silent drama about murder and jealousy. (Channel 35-ETV)

11 p.m.-Movie. "Quebec" (1951) John Barrymore, Jr. stars in the story of Canada's revolt against British rule. (Channel 19)

12:30 p.m.-Movie. "Sanctuary" (1961) Lee Remick and Yves Montand star in William Faulkner's story. (Channel 10)

Sunday, August 18

1 p.m.-CBS Tennis Classic. Cliff Richey and Ilie "Bad Boy" Nastase meet in a semifinal match. (Channel 19)

1:30 p.m.-Movie. "Study in Scarlet" (1933) Sherlock Holmes (Reginald Owens) does battle with a master crime ring. (Channel 10)

2 p.m.-Sports. The finals of the World Cup Soccer Match are on today. Well worth your viewing time. (Channel 19)

2 p.m.-Movie. "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925) W.C. Fields stars as Prof. Eustace McGargle in this outrageous comedy. It's excellent viewing. (Channel 35-ETV)

2:45 p.m.-Movie. "The Shadow Laughs" (1933) Hal Skelly stars in this vintage whodoneit. If you're a mystery-movie buff then watch this one. (Channel 10)

3 p.m.-Sports. It's women's golf with the U.S. and British teams competing in the Curtis Cup finals. (Channel 25)

3:30 p.m.-Pro-celebrity Tennis. See such stars as Art Buchwald and Bill Cosby battle each other for charity. (Channel 25)



The monster in Andy Warhol's "Frankenstein", now showing at The Plaza III, takes a dip.

4 p.m.-Movie. "The Queen's Guards" (1960) A tale of the dedicated men who protect the Queen. (Channel 10)

6 p.m.-CBS Retrospective. "The Search for Ulysses" Was Homer's epic poem about a real man on a real journey? This 1966 documentary examines British historian Ernie Bradford's theory that Homer was merely telling the facts as he saw them. (Channel 19)

8 p.m.-Evening at the Pops. The Modern Jazz Quartet is presented in one of its last concerts before it disbanded after 22 years together. (Channel 35-ETV)

8:30 p.m.-Movie. "A Gunfight" (1971) Johnny Cash and Kirk Douglas star in this schloppy western. It's not worth your time. (Channel 25)

10 p.m.-Firing Line. Black militant George Jackson who died in a shooting last year is the subject of this week's show. Author George Armstrong ("The Dragon has Come") and California district attorney Albert Harris (who prosecuted Angela Davis) are Buckley's guests. (Channel 35-ETV)

Monday, August 19

8 p.m.-Baseball. First it's Gaylord Perry divulging the secret of his pitches and then it's the Phillies and the Reds at Cincinnati. (Channel 10)

8 p.m.-Special. "Parole" examines the parole system which frees over 50,000 convicted criminals each year. E.G. Marshall narrates this in-depth look at the behind the scenes actions of one state's parole system. (Channel 35-ETV)

9 p.m.-Football. The Vikings and the Dolphins meet in an exhibition game in Miami. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.-Movie. "The Tiger Makes Out" (1967) Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson star in this really funny story of a mailman who kidnaps a housewife in a protest against social injustice. (Channel 19)

1 a.m.-Tomorrow. For all you science fiction freaks Tom Snyder has "Star Trek" creator Gene Roddenberry and authors Ray Bradbury and Harlan Ellison on his show. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, August 20

8 p.m.-Man Builds; Man Destroys. The conflict between economy and ecology is examined by ecologist Dennis Meadows, author of "The Limits of Growth." (Channel 35-ETV)

8:30 p.m.-Movie. "Scream, Pretty

Peggy" (1973) Betty Davis and Ted Bessell star in this thriller-chiller. (Channel 25)

11 p.m.-Day at Night. James Day interviews science fiction writer Ray Bradbury. (Channel 35-ETV)

Wednesday, August 21

8 p.m.-Movie. "Wonder Woman" (1974) A made for TV movie about a superhuman female and her fight against the forces of evil. (Channel 25)

10 p.m.-The Great American Dream Machine. If you've never seen a GADM, then you ought to watch this one. It's a collage of past segments and really well worth your time. (Channel 35-ETV)

Thursday, August 22

8 p.m.-Suspension: A Tribute to Alfred Hitchcock. A parody of the cinema techniques of the master of suspense. The film, by Bob Dahlin, won an honorable mention at the 1974 Washington National Student Film Festival. (Channel 35-ETV)

9 p.m.-WFL Football. The Chicago Fire travels to Detroit to meet the Wheels. (Channel 10)

9 p.m.-Music. Ester "Little Ester" Phillips sings the blues. You may remember her when she performed with the Johnny Otis Band back in the 50's. (Channel 35-ETV)

9:30 p.m.-Movie. "Manhunter" (1974) Ken Howard and Gary Lockwood star in this story of a man's personal vendetta against some bank robbers who killed his girl friend in the course of a bank job. Set in the 1930's. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.-Tennessee Williams is Dick Cavett's guest on Wide World Special. (Channel 25)

Friday, August 23

9 p.m.-Movie. Maggie Smith stars in her Oscar winning role in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." (1969) Excellent viewing and be sure not to miss it!! (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.-Wide World Special. Vincent Price takes us on a tour through a Horror Hall of Fame with film clips from some of the horror classics. (Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, et. al.) (Channel 25)

1 a.m.-Midnight Special. Tonight it's David Bowie doing (his)(her) thing. (Channel 10)

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cinema

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ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Johnny," the story of a tough little Black. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30. Rated G.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Sweet Taste of Joy" looks like a humdinger. Rated X. The folks at the theatre say they'll provide headsets, whatever that means. Shows are continuous from 3 p.m. with the last show at 9.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"It's Alive" a horror flick rated PG? This one ought to be great for the kids. Shows at 1:40; 3:30; 5:20; 7:10; & 9.

Late Show: Friday and Saturday night at 11p.m. it's "Jimi Hendrix" doing his stuff.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-9039

"Love Root," "The Female Factory,"

and "Pussycat Paradise" are the Sinny Arts' triple-threat this week. All three are rated X. The box office opens at 12:30 p.m. and the first flick hits the screen at 1 p.m. sharp. The last complete show begins at 8 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"Herbie Rides Again" rides another week. Five shows daily at 12:30 p.m., 2:30, 4:30, 6:30 and 8:30. It's basically a kiddie show. Rated G.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"Benji" is about a dog and his family. Rated G, the ad says "Everybody who has ever been loved by a dog will adore Benji." Shows at 3; 5; 7; & 9.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Uptown Saturday Night." See Sidney Poitier and his buddies Bill Cosby and Harry Belafonte and lots more. Features at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9. Rated PG.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Mall, 796-0022

"Blazing Saddles" has been held over again. It's Mel Brooks spoof on Westerns and its damn good. Shows commence at

1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Mall, 796-0022

"Chinatown" with Dunaway and Nicholson, directed by Polanski, stays in town a while longer. Shows at 1:55, 3:45, 5:35, 7:25 and 9:15. Rated R.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"Pippi in the South Seas," the newest adventure of Pippi Longstocking is now in Columbia. Rated G with shows for the kids at 12:40; 2:20; 4; 5:40; 7:20 & 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1050

"Born Losers" Tom "Billy Jack" Laughlin's first film has been re-released for your viewing pleasure. Joining Laughlin were Jeremy Slate and Jane Russell. Shows at 12:35; 2:50; 5:05; 7:20 and 9:35.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

Barbara Streisand is back in "For Pete's Sake" with shows at 1:05, 2:40, 4:15, 5:50, 7:25 and 9 p.m. See our review for comments on this one (August 9 issue).

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street 254-7960

"Frankenstein" Listen, this is a new flick by that master of the cinema, Andy Warhol. Remember "Trash"? Or how about "Empire State"? No? Well, that's probably because they never came to Columbia. We have finally got a chance to see Warhol, the avant guard filmmaker of our time, so try to get out and catch this one. It's rated X, but what else did you expect from Warhol? Shows at 1:40; 3:30; 5:20; 7:10; and 9.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Death Wish" may do for Charles Bronson what "Fistful of Dollars" did for Eastwood. A really macho flick. See it. Rated R. Shows at 3; 4:35; 6:10; 7:45 and 9:20.

theatre

"Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," will be presented by Kitani, an independant Midlands theatre company, at A.C. Flora High School August 8-10; 15-17; and 22-24 at 8p.m.

The production is funded through the S.C. Arts Commission. Further information may be had by calling 758-3442 or 252-0425. (See review in this edition.)

"The Mouse that Roared" will be presented by the Flat Rock Playhouse (continued on page eleven)

Andy Warhol's

Frankenstein

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—Howard Kissel, Women's Wear Daily

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FOX DOWNTOWN Theatre
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PG

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MEL BROOKS'

BLAZING SADDLES

GAMECOCK 1 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
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-R-

1:40-3:30-5:20-7:10-9

Late Show

Fri. and Sat.

CAROLINA DOWNTOWN Theatre
1223 Main Street / 252-8011

11:00

'Jimi Hendrix'

GAMECOCK 2 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

'Chinatown'

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"'CHINATOWN' IS A BRILLIANT CINEMATIC POEM IN THE STYLE OF POE CIRCA 1974!"

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